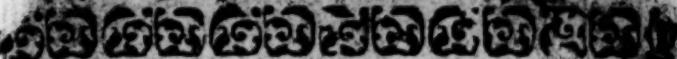


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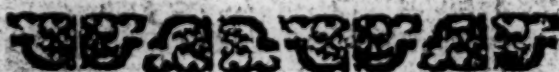


THE
CHERRIE

AND

THE SLAE;
Compiled into Metre;

By Captrayn ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE;



ABERDENE,

Imprinted by Edward Raban,

Laird of Letters,

And are to bee sold at his Shop, at the
end of the Broad-gate, 1645.



b. 57 a 38

~~1876. g. 26~~

Montgomery (A)

K..

THE
CIPHER
AND
THE SLAVE,

Compiled into Metre,

2

By Captain ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

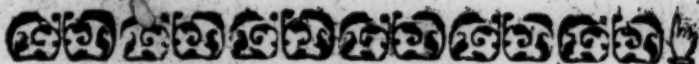
1793-1794

ABERDENE

Printed by Edward Rishard,

Land of Letters.

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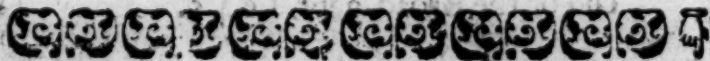


A SWEET SONNET,
To the Holie Trinitie,

By C. A. M.

SUpream Essence, Beginner, Unbegun;
Ay Trinall One, and Undivided Three;
Aeternall Word, that Victorie hath won
Ou'r Death, ou'r Hell, triumphing on the Tree;
Fore-knowledge, Wisdom, and All-seeing Eye:
J E H O V A, Alpha, and Omega All,
Lyke unto none, and none lyke unto Thee:
Unmov'd, moving the Rounds about the Ball:
Contayner, vncontaynd, is, was, and shall
Bee Sempiternall, Mercifull, and Just.
Creator, Uncreated, now I call:
Teach mee Thy Trueth: Sith unto Thee I trust;
Encreas, confirm, and kindle from Aboue,
My Fayth, myne Hope: but by the leane my Lone.

Tri-uni DEO Gloria.



The Cherrie and the Slae.

A Bout a bank, with balmie bewes,
where Nightingalls their notes renewes,
With galland Gold-spinks gay:

The Mavise, Mirle, and Progne prowd:
The Lint-whyte, Lark, and Laverok lowd;
Saluted mirthfull May.

VVhen PHILOMELL had sweetlie sung,
To PROGNE shee deplored:

How TEREUS cut out her tongue;
And falslie her deslor'd.

VVhich Storie, So forie,

To show asham'd shee seemd;

To hear her, So near her,

2 I doubted, if I dreamd.

The Cushtat crowds, the Corbie cryes:

The Cuckow couks, the pratling Pyes,

To geck her they begin.

The Largoun, or the jangling jayes:

The craiking Crowes, the keckling Kayes;

They deav'd mee, with their din.

The painted Pawn, with ARGOES eyes,

Can on his Mayok call.

The Turtle wails on withred trees,

An Echo answered all:

Repeating, With greeting,

How fair NARCISSUS fell:

By lying, And spying,

3 His shadow in the Well.

I saw the Hurcheon, and the Hare,

In hidlings hirpling here and there;

To make their morning mange.
 The Con, the Cunney, and the Cat:
 Whose dayntie downs, with dew were wat,
 With stiff mutchatches strange.
 The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae;
 The Fulmart, and the fals Fox:
 The bearded Buck clamb vp the brae,
 With birsie Bears and Brocks:
 Some feeding, Some dreading,
 The Hunters subtile Snares:
 With Skipping, And tripping,
 4 They playd them all in pares.
 The Air was sober, soft, and sweet:
 But mistie vapours, wind and weat:
 Bot quiet, calm, and clear:
 To foster FLORAS fragrant Flowrs;
 Where-on APOLLO's Paramours,
 Had trinckled manie a tear.
 The which lyke silver shakers shyn'd,
 Imbrodring Beauties Bed:
 Where-with their heaue heads declyn'd,
 In fayr Mayes coulours clad.
 Some knopping, Some dropping,
 Of balmie liquour sweet,
 Excelling, In sinelling,
 5 Through Phœbus wholsome heat.
 Me-thought an heavenlie heart-something,
 Where Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
 Ov'r twinkling all the trees:
 To studie on the flowrisht twists;
 Admyring NATURES ALCUMISTS,
 Laborious busie Bees.
 Where-of some sweetest honey sought,

To stay their lyues to sterue.
 And some the waxie Vessels wrought,
 Their purchase to preferue.

So heaping, For keeping,
 In it their Hyues they hyde,
 Precyzelie, And wyselie,

6 For Winter they provyde,
 To pen the Pleasures of that Park,
 How everie Blossom, Branch, or bark,
 Agaynst the Sun did shyne:

I pass to Poets to compyle,
 In High Heroicks Statelie Style:
 Whose Muse surmatcheth myne.

But as I looked myne alone,

I saw a River rin,

Out ov'r a steepie Rock of stone:

Syne lighted in a Lin.

With tumbling, And rumbling,
 Amongst the Roches round:

Devalling, And falling,

7 Into a Pit profound.

Through rowting of the River rang;

The Rocks sounding lyke a Sang:

Where DASCANT did abound,

With TREBLE, TENOR, COUNTER, MEEN,

An ECHO blew a BAS between,

In DIAPASON sound:

Set with the C-SOL FA-UTH CLIEF;

With LONG and LARGE, at list:

With QUAVER, CROTCHET, SEMIBRIEF;

And not a MINIM mist.

Compleetlie, More sweetlie;

Shée Friddound Flat and Sharp,

Than Muses, Which vses,
 8 To pin APOLO's Harp.
 Who would haue tyr'd to hear that Tone,
 Which Birds corroborate ay abone,
 With Layes of louefom Larks,
 Which climb so high in chrystall Skyes;
 While CUPID wak'ned with the cries,
 Of Natures Chappell Clerk.
 Who leaving all the Heavens Aboue,
 Alighted on the eard:
 Lo; How that little lord of loue,
 Before mee there appeard.
 So myld-lyke, And Chyld-lyke,
 With Bow three-quarters Skant:
 Syne moylie, And coylie,
 9 Hee looked lyke a Saint.
 A cleanlie Crisp hang over his eyes:
 His Quayver by his naked thyers,
 Hang in a silver Lace:
 Of Gold between his shoulders grew,
 Two prettie wings, where-with hee flew,
 On his left Arm a Brace.
 This god-soon off his gear hee shook,
 Upon the grassie ground:
 I ran as lightlie for to look,
 Where Ferlies might bee found;
 Amazed, I gazed,
 To see his gear so gay;
 Perceaving, Myne having.
 10 Hee counted mee his Prey.
 His youth and stature, made mee stout;
 Of Doubleness I had no doubt.
 But boured with my Boy,

Quoth I; How call they thee, my Chylde?

CUPID, Sir, (quoth hee) and smylde:

Please you mee to employ?

For I can serue you in your Lute:

If yee please to empyre,

With wings to flee, and Shafts to shoot;

Or flames to set on fyre.

Make chose then, Of those then;

Or of a thousand things:

But craue them, And haue them,

II With that I wood his wings.

What woldst thou giue my heart (quoth hee)

To haue these wanton Wings to flee;

To sport thy sprite a-while?

Or, what if Loue should lend thee heere;

Bow, Quayver, Shafts, and Shooting-gear,

Some bodie to bebuyle?

This Gear (quoth I) can not bee bought:

Yet I would haue it fayn.

What if (quoth hee) it cost thee nought;

But rendring all agayn?

His Wings, then; Hee brings, then;

And bound them on my back.

Goflee now, (Quoth hee) now:

II2 And so my leaue I take.

I sprung vp, with CUPIDO's Wings:

Whose Shoots, and Shooting-gear resigns,

To lend mee, for a day:

As ICARUS, with borrowed flight;

I mounted higher, than I might:

Ou'r perilous a Play.

First, forth I drew the duple Dart:

Which sometime shot his Mother:

Where-with I hurt my wanton Heart,
In hope to hurt another.

It hurt mee, Or burnt mee;
Whyle either end I handle:
Come see now, In mee now,

13 The Butter-flie, and Candle.

As shee delights into the low;
So was I browden of my Bow;
As ignorant as shee.

And as shee fleeth, whyle shee is fyr'd;
So with the Dart that I desyr'd,
Myne hands hath hurt mee to:

As foolish PHAETON by sute,
His Fathers Chayr obtaynd,
I longed in Loues Bow to shoot,
Not marking what it meand:

More wilfull, Than Skilfull,
To flee I was so fond:
Desyring, Empyring:

14 And so was seen vpon.

Too late I knew who hewes too hie,
The spale shall fall into his eye.

Too late I went to Schools:

Too late I heard the Swallow preach:

Too late EXPERIENCE doth teach,
The Schooll-master of Fools.

Too late I fynd the Nest I seek,
When all the Birds are flown,

Too late the Stable Door I steek,
When as the Steed is stown.

Too late ay, Their state ay,
As foolish folk espy?

Behynd so, They fynd so,
 15 Remead, and so do I.
 If I had rypelie been advysd,
 I had not rashlie enterprysd,
 To soare with borrowed penns.
 Nor yet had sayd the Archer Craft,
 To shoot my self, with such a Shaft.
 As REASON quyte miskenns:
 Fra WILFULNES gaue mee my Wound,
 I had no force to flee.
 Then came I groaning to the ground.
 Friend; Welcom home (quod hee)
 Where flew yee, Whom flew yee?
 Or who brings home the booting?
 I see now (Quoth hee) now,
 16 Yee haue been at the shooting.
 As Scorn comes commonlie with Skaith;
 So I behov'd to byde them baith;
 So staggring was my state:
 That vnder Cure I got such check,
 Which I might not remoue nor neck;
 But either staill or mait.
 Myne Agonie was so Extreame,
 I swelt and sound, for fear,
 But ere I wak'ned off my Dream,
 Hee spoyle me, of my Gear:
 With slight, then, On hight, then,
 Sprang CURIO in the Skyes:
 Forgetting, And setting,
 17 At nought my carefull cries.
 So long with sight I followed him,
 Whyle both my dazeled Eyes grew dim,
 Through staring of the starns:

VVhich flew so thick before myne Een;
 Some red, some yealow, blew, and green;
 Which troubled all myne harns,
 That everie thing appeared two,
 To my barboyled Brayn:
 But long might I ly looking so,
 Ere CUPID came agayn.

Whose thundring, With wondring,
 I heard vp through the Aire:
 Through Clouds so, Hee thudds so,
 18 And flew I wist not where.

Then when I saw that god was gone,
 And I in langour left alone;
 And sore tormmented too.

Sometime I sigh'd; whyle I was sad:
 Sometime I mus'd; and most gone mad:
 I doubted what to do.

Sometime I rav'd, half in a rage;
 As one into despare:

To bee opprest, with such a Page,
 Lord, if myne heart was sare:

Lyke DIDO, CUPIDO,
 I widdle, and I warie:
 Who left mee, And rest mee,
 19 In such a Feirie Farie.

Then felt I COWRAGE and DESYRE,
 Inflame myne Heart, with vnouth fyre,
 To mee before vnkown.

But then no blood in mee remayns,
 Unburnt, or boyled, within my vayns,
 By loues Bellowes blown:

To drown it, ere I was devourd,
 With Sighs I went about.

But yee the more I shoop to smoord,
The bolder it brake out:

Ay preassing, But ceassing,
Whyle it might break the wounds,
Myne hew so, Forth shew so,

20 The Dolour of my Wounds.

VWith deadlie visage, pale and wan,

More lyke Anathomie than man,

I withred clean away,

As Wax, before the fyre, I felt

Myne Heart within my Bosom melt;

And piece and piece decay.

My Veins by brangling, lyke to break:

My Pulses lap with pith.

So fervencie did mee infect,

That I was vext there-with.

Myne Heart ay, It start ay,

The Fyrie flames to flee.

Ay howping, Through lowping,

21 To leap at libertie.

But (O, alace) it was abus'd,

My carefull Corps kept it inclus'd,

In Prison of my Breast:

VWith Sighs, so soppyte, and ou'r-set;

Lyke to a Fish, salt in a Net;

In dead-thraw vndeceast.

Which though in vayne it stryues by strength,

For to pull out her head:

VWhich profits nothing, at the length:

But hastning to her dead;

VWhich thristing, And wristing;

The faster still is sho:

There

There I so, Did ly so,
 22 My death advancing to.
 The more I wrestled with the wynd,
 The faster still my self I fynd:

No Mirth my mynd could mease,
 More noy than I had never none,
 I was so altred, and over-gone,
 Through Drouth of my Disease,
 Yet weaklie, as I might, I rayse.

My Sight grew dimn, and dark.
 I staggr'd at the Windle-strayes:
 No token I was stark.

Both Sightless, And Mightless,
 I grew almost at once.
 In anguish, I languish,

23 With manie grievous groans,
 VVith sober pace, yet I approach,
 Hard to the River, and the Roch;
 Whereof I spake before.

The River such a murmure made,
 As to the Sea it softlie slade,

The Craig was stay and shoar.
 Then PLEASURE did mee so provoak,
 There partlie to repare:

Betwixt the River, and the Rock;
 Where HOPE grew with DESPAIRE:

A Tree then, I saw then,
 Of CHERRIES on the Braes;
 Below too, I saw too,

24 A Bush of bitter SLAES.
 The CHERRIES hung aboue myne head,
 Lyke trickling Rubies, round and red;
 So high vp in the Heugh:

VVhose shadowes in the River shew;
 As graithlie colourd, as they grew,
 On trembling twists and teaghs.
 Whyles bowd throgh burthen of their birth,
 Declining down their topps,
 Reflex of PHOEBUS off the Firth,
 Now colourd of their knoppes.

With dancing, And glancing,
 In Tirleis Dornick Champ:
 Which streamed, And leamed,

25 Through lightness of that Lamp.

VVith earnest Ey, whyle I espy,
 That Fruit betwixt mee and the Sky,
 Half gate almost to Heaven.

The Craig so cumberfom to climb;
 The Tree so tall of growth and trim,
 As anie Arrow even.

I call'd to mynd, how DAPHNE did,

VVithin the Lawrell shrink;

VVhen from APOLLO shee her hid,
 A thousand tymes I think;

That Tree there, To mee there,
 As hee his Lawrell thought:
 Aspyring, But tyring,

26 To get that Fruit I sought.
 To climb that Craig, it was no buit:
 Let bee to preass, to pull the Fruit,
 In top of all the Tree.

I know no way where-by to come,
 By anie Craft, to get it clumb,
 Appearingliē to mee.

The Craig was vglie stay and driegh:
 The Tree long, sound, and small:

I was afrayd; to climb so high;

For fear to fetch a Fall:

Affrayed, I stayed,

And looked vp aloft:

Whyles minting, Whyles stinting,

27 My purpose changed oft.

Then DREAD with DANGER, & DESPAIRE,

Forbad mee minting anie mare;

To rax about my reach.

What? (Tush, quoth COWRAGE) man go to:

Hee is but dast, that hath to do,

And spares for everie speech.

For I haue oft heard Sooth-men say;

And wee may see't our selles;

That Fortune helps the hardie ay;

And Pultrons ay repelles.

Then fear not, And hear not,

DREAD, DANGER, nor DESPAIRE:

To Fazards, Hard Hazards,

28 Is Death, ere they come there.

VWho speeds, but such as high aspyres;

VWho triumphs not, but such as tyres,

To win a Noble Name?

Of shrinking, what but Shame succeeds?

Then do as thou wouldst haue thy deeds,

In Register of Fame.

I put the Case, thou not prevayld,

So thou with Honour die:

Thy lyf, but not thy Cowrage fayld,

Shall Poets Pen of thee.

Thy Name then, From FAME then,

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Thy Graue ay, Shall haue ay;

29 That Honest Epitath.

What canst thou lose, when Honour lives?

Renown thy Vertue ay revives,

If valiantlie thou end.

(Quoth DANGER) Huilie, Friend, take heed,

Untymous spurring spills the Steed:

Take tent, what yee pretend.

Through COWRAGE counsell thee to climb,

Beware thou kept no Skayth:

Haue thou none help, but Hope and him,

They may beguyl thee bayth.

Thy sell now, Can tell now,

The counsell of those Clerks:

Wherethrow yet, I true yet,

30 Thy brest doth bear the marks.

Burnt bairn with fyre the danger dreads,

So I beleene thy bosom bleeds,

Since last that fyre thou felt:

Besydes that seldom tymes thou sees,

That ever COWRAGE keeps the keyes

Of Knowledge at his belt.

Though hee bid forward with the Gunnes,

Small powder hee provydes:

Bee not a Novice of that Nunnes,

Who saw not both the sydes:

Fools hast ay, Almast ay,

Over syles the sight of some:

VVho luikes not, Nor huikes not,

31 What afterward may come.

Yet WISDOM wisheth thee to wey

This figure in Philosophey,

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Which is in tyme for to take tent;
 And not when tyme is past repent:
 And buy Repentance dear.

Is there none honour after lyf,
 Except thou slay thy sell?

Wherefore hath **ATROPUS** that knyfe,
 I trow thou canst not tell?

Who but it, Would cut it,
 Which Clotho scarce hath spun:
 Destroying, The joying,

32 Before it bee begun.

All ou'rs are repute to bee vyce,
 Ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r rash, ov'r nyce,
 Ov'r hot, or yet ov'r cold:

Thou seemst vnconstant by thy signs,
 Thy thought is on a thousand things:

Thou wats not what thou would.

Let **FAME** her pittie on thee power,

VVhen all thy bones are broken:

Yon **SLAE** suppose thou think it fower,
 Would satisfie to sloken.

Thy drouth now, Of youth now,
 Which dries the with desyre:

Affwage then, Thy rage then,

33 Foull water quencheth fyre.

What fooll art thou to die of thirst,

And now may quench it if thou list,

So easilie but payn?

More honour is to vanquish ane,

Than fight with tensome and bee tane:

And cyther hurt or slayn,

The practife is to bring to pass,

And not to enterpryse:

And as good drinking out of Glasse;

As Gold in anle wyse.

I lever, Have ever,

A foull in hand or tway:

Then seeing, Ten flying

34 Aboue mee all the day.

Look where thou light before thou loup

And slip no certayntie for Hope:

VWho guyds thee but beges.

(Quoth COURAGE) cowards take no cure

To sit with shame, so they bee sure,

I lyke them all the less.

What pleasure purchast is but payn:

Of honour win with ease:

Hee will not ly where hee is slayn,

VWho doubts before hee dies.

For fear then, I hear then,

But onlie one remead:

Which lat is, and that is

35 For to cut off the head.

What is the way to heall thyne hurt?

What way is there to stay thy sturt?

What means to make thee merrie?

What is the comfort that thou craves?

Suppose these Sophists thee deceaves,

Thou knowes it is the Cherrie.

Since for it onlie thou but thirsts,

The Slae can bee no buit:

In it also thyne health consists,

And in none other fruit.

Why quakes thou, And shakes thou,

Or studies at our stryf:

Advyse

Advyse thee, It lyes thee,

36 On no less than thy lyf.
If anie patient would bee pans'd,
Why should hee lowp when hee is lanc'd,
Or shrink when hee is shorn.

For I haue heard Chirurghayns say,
Oft tymes deferring of a day:

Might not bee mend the morn:
Take tyme in tyme, ere tyme bee tint,
For tyme will not remayn:

What forces fyre out of the flint,
But as hard match agayn:

Delay not, Nor fray not

And thou shalt see it sa:

Such gets ay, As sets ay,

37 Stout stomacks to the bra.

Through all beginning bee most hard,
The end is pleasant afterwarde:

Then shrink not for a shrow.
When once that thou thy greening get,
Thy payn and travell is forget:

The sweet exceeds the sower
Go to then quicklie, fear not thir,
For HOPE good hap hath height:
(QUOTH DANGER) bee not sudden, fir,
The matter is of weyght,

First spy both, Then try both,
Advysment doth none ill:

Thou may then, I say then,

38 Bee wilfull when thou will.

But yet to mynd the proverb call,
Who vseth perils, perish shall:

Short while their lyf them lasts.

And I haue heard (quoth HOPE) that hee
Should neuer scape to sayll the Sea:

That for all perils casts:

How manie through Despaire are dead,

That neuer perills priev'd?

How manie also if thou reade,

Of lyues haue wee relieu'd?

Who beeing, Even dying,

But Danger bot despar'd:

A hunder, I wonder,

39 But thou hast heard declar'd.

If wee two hold not vp thyne heart,

VVhich is the chief and noblest part

& Thy works would not go well.

Considering these companions can,

Disswade a fillie simple man

To hazard for his heall.

Suppose they haue deceaved some,

Ere wee and they might meet.

They got not credence where wee come:

In anie man of Sprite:

By reason, Their treason

By vs is playnlie spyde:

Revealing, Their dealing

40 VVhich dow not bee denyde.

VVith sleekie Sophisms seeming sweet,

As all their doing were discreet:

They wish thee to bee wyse.

Postponing tyme from hour to hour,

But fayth is vnderneath the flowr:

The lurking Serpent lyes.

Suppose thou seest her not a styme

While that shee sting thy foot:
 Perceaves thou not what precious tyme
 Thy sleuth doth overshoot.

Alace man, Thy case man
 In lingring I lament:
 Go to now, and do now

41 That courage bee content.
 VWhat if Malancholie come in
 And get a grip ere thou begin?
 Then is thy labour lost.

For hee will hold the hard and fast,
 Till tyme and place and fruit bee past,
 And thou giue vp the Ghost:
 Then shall bee graven vpon that place,
 VWhich on thy tomb is layd,
 Some-tyme there liv'd such one alace
 But how shall it bee sayd:

Heere lyes now, But pryse now
 Into dishonours bed:
 A coward, As thou art,

42 VWho from his fortune fled.
 Imagin man if thou were layd
 In Graue, and syne might hear this sayd,
 VWould thou not sweat for shame?
 Yes sayth I doubt not but thou would:
 Therefore if thou haue eyes behold,
 How they would smore thy fame:

Go to and make no more excuse,
 Ere lyf and honour loose,
 And eyther them to vs refuse,
 There is none other choose:

Consider, Togidder,
 That wee do never dwell,

At length ay, But strength ay,

43 The pultrons wee expell.

(Quoth Danger) since I vnderstand,

That counsell can bee no command:

I haue no more to say.

Except if that yee think it good,

Take counsell yet ere yee conclude,

Of wyser men then they:

They are but rackless, young and rash,

Suppose they think vs fleit:

If of our fellowship yee fash,

Go with them hardlie bee it.

God speed you, They lead you,

VVho haue not meikle wit:

Expell vs, Yeill tell vs,

44 Heereafter comes not yet.

VVhile Danger and Despare reteir'd,

Experience came in and spier'd,

VVhat all the matter mean'd.

With him came Reason, Wit, and Skill,

Then they begin to aske at Will,

VVhere make you to my friend?

To pluck yon lustie Cherrie, lo,

(Quoth hee) and quyte the Slac:

(Quoth they) is there no more ado,

Ere yee win vp the brae?

But do it, And to it.

Perforce your fruit to pluck,

VVell brother, Some other,

45 Were better to conduct.

VVee grant yee may bee good enough;

But yet the hazard of yon heugh:

Requyres a greater guyde.

As wyse as yee are, may go wrong,
 Therefore take counsell ere yee gang:
 Of some that stands besyde:
 But who were yon three yee forbade,
 Your companie right now?
 (Quoth Will) three preachers to perswade
 The poyson'd Slae to pow.

They tratled, And pratled,
 A long half hour and mare:
 Foull fall them, They call them,
 46 Dread, Danger, and Despare.
 They are more fashious than of feck,
 Yon fazards durst not for their neck,
 Climb vp the Craig with vs.
 Fra wee determined to die,
 Or then to climb the Cherrie tree:
 They bode about the bush,
 They are condition'd lyke the Car,
 They would not weet their feet:
 But yet if anie fish they gat,
 They would bee apt to ear,

Though they now, I say now,
 To hazard haue none heart:
 Yet look wee, Or pluck wee,
 47 The fruit they would haue part:
 But when wee get our voyage wun,
 They shall not then a Cherrie cun,
 Who would not enterpryse.
 VVell (quoth Experience) yee boast,
 But hee that recknd but his hoast,
 Oft-tymes hee counted twyse.
 Yee sell the Bairs Skin on his back,
 But byde while yee it get:

VWhen yee haue done, it's tyme to crack,
Yee fish before the net.

VWhat haste, sir, Yee taste, sir,
The Cherrie ere yee pow it :
Beware, sir, Yee are, sir,

48 More talkatiue gar trow it.

Call DANGER back agayn (quoth Skill)
To see what hee can say to Will :

VVee see him shoed so strayt,
VVee may not trow what each one tells
(Quoth COWRAGE) wee concluded els :
Hee serues not for our mate :

For I can tell you all perqueir
His counsell ere hee come. (heere ?
(Quoth Hope) whereto should hee come
Hee cannot hold him dum :

Hee speaks ay, And seeks ay,
Delayes oft-tymes and drifts,
To grieue vs, And dieue vs,

49 VVith Sophistrie and shifts.

(Quoth Reason) why was hee debar'd ?
The tale is ill can not bee heard :

Yet let vs hear it anes.

Then Danger to declare began,
How HOPE and COWRAGE took the man,
To leade them all their lanes :

How they would haue him vp the Hill,
But eyther stop or stay :

And who was welcomer than Will,
Hee would bee formost ay :

Hee could do, And should do,
VWho ever would or nought,
Such speeding, Proceeding,

50 Unlyklic was I thought.
 Therefore I wisht him to beware
 And rashlie not to run over far,
 VVithout such guydes as yee:
 (Quoth COURAGE) friend I hear you fayll,
 Take better tent vnto your tale
 Yee sayd it could not bee.
 Besydes that yee would not consent
 That ever wee should clim:
 (Quoth WILL) for my part I repent
 VVee saw them more than him:
 For they are, The stayer
 Of vs as well as hee,
 I think now, They shrink now,
 51 Go forward let them bee.
 Go, go, wee do nothing but guckles,
 They say, the voyage never luckes,
 VVhere each one hath a vote.
 (Quoth WISDOM E) gravelie, Sir I grant
 Wee were no worss your vote to want:
 Some sentence now I note:
 Suppose yee spake it but begets,
 Some fruit therein I fynd:
 Yee would bee formost I confess,
 But comes oft-tymes behynd.
 It may bee, That they bee,
 Deceav'd that never doubted,
 Indeed sir, That head sir,
 52 Hath meikle wit about it.
 Then wilfull WILL began to rage,
 And swore hee saw nothing in Age,
 But anger, yre and grudge:
 And for my self (quoth hee) I swear,

To quyte all my companions heer:

If they admit you Iudge.

EXPERIENCE is grown so old,

That hee begins to raue;

The rest but COURAGE are so cold,

No hazarding they haue:

For DANGER, Far stranger,

Hath made them than they were,

Go fra them, VVee pray them,

53 VVho never dow nor dare.

Why may not wee three leade this one?

I led an hundreth myne alone,

But counsell of them all:

I grant (quoth WISDOME) yee haue led,

But I would speer how manie speed,

Or furthered but a fall?

But eyther few or none I trow,

EXPERIENCE can tell.

Hee sayes, that man may wyte but you,

The first tyme that hee fell:

Hee kens then, Whose pens then,

Thou borrowed him to flie,

His wounds yet, Which stounds yet,

54 Hee got them then through thee.

That (quoth Experience) is trew,

WILL flattered him when first hee flew:

WILL set him in a low:

WILL was his counsell and convoy,

WILL borrow'd from the blynded Boy,

Both Quyver, Wings, and Bow.

Wherewith before hee sayd to shoot,

Hee neyther yeeld to youth:

Nor yet had need of anie fruit,

To quench his deadlie drouth:
 Which pynes him, And dwynes him,
 To death I wot not how,
 If WILL then, Did ill then,

55 Himself remembers now.

For I Experience was there,
 Lyke as I vse to bee all where:
 What tyme hee wyted WILL
 To bee the ground of all his grief,
 As I my self can bee a prief,
 And witness therevntill.

There are no bounds but I haue been
 Nor hidlings from mee hid
 Nor secret things, but I haue seen
 That hee or anie did.

Therefore now, No more now
 Let him think to conceal'd:
 For why now, Even I now

56 Am debtbound to reveal'd.
 My custome is for to declare
 The truth, and neyther eke nor payr,
 For anie man a joat,
 If wilfull WILL delytes in lyes:
 Example in thy self thou sees,
 How hee can turn his coat.

And with his Language would allure
 Thee yet to break thy bones.
 Thou knowst thy self, if hee bee sure,
 Thou vs'd his counsell ones.

Who would yet, Bee bold yet,
 To wreak thee, Were not wee,
 Think on you, On yon now,
 (Quoth WISDOM) then to mee.

VVell (quoth Experience) If hee
Submits himself to you and mee,

I wot what I should say:

Our good advyse hee shall not want:
Provyding alwayes that hee grant,

To put yon WILL away:

And banish both him and Despare,

That all good purpose spills.

So hee will mell with them no mare,

Let them two flyte their fills.

Such cossing, But lossing,

All honest men may vse:

That change now, were strange now

58 (Quoth Reason) to refuse.

(Quoth Will) Fy on him, when hee flew,

That pull'd not Cherries then a-new,

For to haue stayd his hurt.

(Quoth Reason) Though he bear the blame,

Hee never saw, nor needed them,

While hee himself had hurt.

First when hee mistred not hee might

Hee needs, and may not mow

Thy follie, when hee had his flight,

Empashed him to pow.

Both hee now, And wee now,

Perceaves thy purpose playn,

To turn him, And burn him,

59 And blow on him agayn.

(Quoth SKILL) what? should wee longer
Far better late than never thryue, (stryue?

Come, let vs help him yet:

Tint tyme wee may not get agayn,

Wee waste but present tyme in vayn,

Beware with that (quoth WIT)
 Speak on Experience, let see
 Wee think you hold you dum :
 Of by-gones I haue heard (quoth hee)
 I know no things to come ;

(Quoth REASON) The season,
 VVith slouthfull flydes away,
 First take him , And make him

60 A man, if that yee may.
 (Quoth VVILL) if hee bee not a man
 I pray you sirs, what is hee than
 Hee looks lyke one at least.

(Quoth REASON) if hee follow thee,
 And mynd not to remayn with mee
 Nought but a bruitall beast :

A man in shape doth nought consist,
 For all your tanting tales :
 Therefore sir, WILL, I would yee wist
 Your Metaphysick fayles :

Go lear yet, A year yet,
 Your logick at the schools,
 Some day then, Yee may then,

61 Pass master with the Mules.
 (Quoth WILL) I marvell what yee mean
 Should I not trow myne own two Een,
 For all your Logick schools,
 If I did not I were not wyse,

(Quoth REASON) I haue told you thryse
 None ferlies more than fools :
 There bee no senses than the sight
 Which yee ov'rhayll for hast :
 To wit, if yee remember right,
 Smell, Hearing, Touch, and Tast.

All quick things, Haue such things;

I mean both man and beast :

By kynd ay, Wee fynd ay,

62 Few lacks them at the least.

So by that consequence of thyns,

Or Syllogisme sayd lyke a Swyne :

A Kow may learn the lare

Thou vses onlie but the eyes, (Sees:

Shée Touches, Tastes, Smells, Heares, and

Which matches thee and mayr.

But since to triumph yee intend,

As presentlie appeares :

Sir, for your Clergie to bee kend,

Take yee two Asses eares :

Nomiter, Perfiter,

Got MIDAS for his meed :

That hood sir, Is good sir

63 To hap your brayn sick head.

Yee haue no feell for to defyne

Though yee haue cunning to declyne :

A man to bee a Mooll :

With litle work yet yee may vow'd,

To grow a gallant Hors and good,

To ryde thereon at Yooll.

But to our ground where wee began,

For all our guffless jests,

I must bee master of the man,

But thou to brutall beasts :

So wee two, Must bee two

To cause both kynds bee known :

Keep myne then, From thynethen

64 And each one vse their own,

Then WILL as angrie as an Ape

Ran raging, swearing, rude and rape:
 Saw hee none other shift.

Hee would not want an inch of will,
 Even whether't did him good or ill,
 For thirtie of his thrift.

Hee would bee formost in the field,
 And master if hee might:

Yea, hee should rather die than yeeld,
 Though REASON had the right:

Shall hee now, Make mee now,
 His subject or his slaue?

No, rather, My father

65 Shall quick go to his graue.

I heyght him while myne heart is hayll,

To perish first ere hee prevayll,

Come after what so may.

(Quoth Reason) doubt yee not indeed,

Yee hit the nayll vpon the head,

It shall bee as yee say.

Suppose yee spur for to a spyre,

Your brydle wants a bit:

That Mare may leaue you in the myre

As sickler as yee sit:

Your sentence, Répentance,

Shall learn you, I belieue:

And anger, You langer

66 When yee that practick priue.

As yee haue dyted your Decreet,

Your Prophecie to bee compleet,

Perhaps, and to your payns.

It hath been sayd, and may bee so,

A wilfull man, wants never wo;

Though hee get little gayns.

But since yee think't an easie thing,

To Mount aboue the Moon,

Of your own fiddle take a spring,

And dance when yee haue done.

If then, fir, The man, fir,

Lyke of your mirth hee may:

But spier first, And hear first.

67 What hee himself will say.

Then altogether they began,

And sayd, Come on, thou martyr'd man,

What is thy will? Advyse.

Abas'd a bonie whyle I bade,

And mus'd ere I myne answer made,

I turn'd mee once or twyse:

Beholding euerie one about,

Whose motions mou'd mee mast:

Some seem'd assured, some dread for doubt,

WILL ran red-wood for haste:

With wringing, And flinging,

For madness lyke to mang:

DESPARE too, For Care too,

68 Would needs himself go hang.

Which when Experience perceav'd,

(Quoth hee) remember if I raude,

As WILL alleadg'd of late:

VVhen as hee swore nothing hee saw

In Age but anger, slack, and slaw,

And cankred in conceat.

Yee could not luck as hee alleadg'd,

VVho all opinions spear'd:

Hee was so frack and fyrie edg'd,

Hee thought vs four but feard.

VVho panfes, what chances,

(Quoth hee) no worship wins;
To some best, Shall come best.

69 Who hap well, rack well rins.
Yet (quoth Experience) behold,
For all the tales that hee hath told,
How hee himself behaves:

Because DESPAIRE could come no speed
Lo where hee hings all but the head:

And in a widdie waves.

If thou bee sure, once thou may see,

To men that with them mels:

If they had hurt or helped thee,

Consider by themselves,

Then chuse thee, To vse thee

By vs or such as you:

Syne soon now, Haue done now,

70 Make eyther off or on.

Perceav'st thou not wherefra proceeds,

The frantick fantasie that feeds

Thy furious flaming fyre:

Which doth thy baylfull brest combure

That none (quoth they) can cure.

Nor help thyne hearts desyre:

The pearcing passions of thy spirit,

Which wastes thy vitall breath,

Doth hold thyne heaue heart with heat

Desyre draws on thy death.

Thy punses, Renounces,

All kynd of quyet rest,

That fever, Hath ever

71 Thy person so opprest.

Couldst thou come once acquaint with Skill,

Hee knowes that humours doth thee ill,

And how thy cares contracts.
 Hee knowes the ground of all thy grief,
 And recipies for thy relief:

All medicines hee makes,
 (Quoth SKILL) come one, content am I,
 To put myne helping hand:
 Provyding alwayes hee apply
 To counsell and comthand:

While wee then, (Quoth hee then)
 Are mynded to remayn:
 Giue place now, Incase now,

72 Thou get vs not agayn.
 Assure thy self if that wee shed,
 Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped:

Take heed, wee haue thee told:
 Haue done and dryue not off the day,
 The man that will not when hee may,
 Hee shall not when hee would:

What wilt thou do? I would wee wist,
 Accept; or giue vs ov'r:

(Quoth I) I think mee more than blest;
 To fynd such famous four.

Besyde mee, To guyde mee,
 Now when I haue to do:
 Considering, What swiddering,

73 Yee found mee first into.
 When COWRAGE crav'd a stomach stout,
 And DANGER draue mee into doubt,

With his companion DREAD:
 Whiles WILL would vp aboue the ayr,
 Whiles I was drown'd in deep DESPAIRE:

Whiles HOPE held vp myne head.

Such pithie reasons and replies,
 On everie syde they shew:
 That I who was not verie wyse,
 Thought all their tales were trew.
 So monie, And bonie,
 Old problemes they proponit,
 Both quicklie, And likelie,

74 I marvell meikle on it.
 Yet HOPE and COWRAGE wan the field,
 Though DREAD and DANGER never yeeld:
 But fled to fynd refuge;
 Yet when yee four came they were fayn,
 Because yee gart vs come agayn:
 They griend to get you Iudge.
 Where they were fugitive before,
 Yee made them frank and free:
 To speak and stand in aw no more,
 (Quoth REASON) so should bee.
 Oft tymes now, But crymes now,
 But even perforce it falls:
 The strong ay, With wroug ay
 75 Puts weaker to the walls.
 Which is a fault yee must confesse,
 Strength was not ordayn'd to oppresse,
 With rigour by the right.
 But by the contrare to sustayn,
 The loadned which ou'r burthned been,
 As meikle as they might.
 So HOPE and COWRAGE did (quoth I)
 Experimented lyke:
 Show Skilde and pithy reasons why,
 That DANGER lap the dyke:
 (Quoth DREAD) Sir, Take heed sir,

Long spoken part most spill,
 Insist not, Wee wist not,

76 Wee went agaynst our will.
 With COWRAGE yee were so content,
 Yee never sought our small consent,

Of vs yee stood none aw:
 Then Logick Lessons yee allow it,
 And was determined to trow it,

Alleadgeance past for Law,
 For all the Proverbs wee perus'd,
 Yee thought them Skantlie Skil'd:

Our reasons had been as well rus'd

Had yee been as well will'd:

To our syde, As your syde,

So truelie I may tearm it.

I see now, In thee now

77 Affection doth affirm it
 EXPERIENCE then smirking smyl'd
 Wee are no bairns to bee beguyl'd:

(Quoth hee) and shook his head,

For aurchors who alleadges vs,

They would win about the bus

To foster deadlie feed.

For wee are equall for you all

No persons wee respect:

Wee haue been so are yet and shall,

Bee found so in effect:

If wee were, As yee were,

Wee had come vnrequyr'd,

But wee now, Yee see now,

78 Do nothing vndesyr'd.

There is a sentence sayd by some,

Let none vnca'd to counsell come:

That welcome weines to bee:
 Yea, I haue heard another yet,
 Who come vncal'd vhserv'd shall sit,
 Perhaps sir so may yee.
 Good man grand mercie for your geck
 (Quoth Hope) and lowlie lowts:
 If yee were sent for wee suspect
 Because the Doctours doubts,

Your yeares now, Appeares now,
 With wisdom to bee vext
 Rejoycing, In glosing

79 Till you haue tint your text.
 Where yee were sent for let vs see,
 Who would bee welcomer than wee,
 Proue that and wee are pay'd:
 Well (quoth Experience) beware,
 You know not in what case yee ere:
 Your tongue hath you betray'd.
 The man may able tyne a stot
 Who cannot count his kinch:
 In your own bow yee are ou'r shot
 By more than half an inch:

Who wat sir, If that sir,
 Is sower which seemeth sweet,
 I fear now, Yee hear now,

80 A dangerous Decreet.
 Sir, by that sentence yee haue sayd,
 I pledge ere all the play bee played
 That some shall lose a laik,
 Since yee but put mee for to proue,
 Such heads as help for my behoue:
 Your warrand is but waik.

Speare at the man your self and see,

Suppose yee stryue for state:
 If hee regrated not how hee
 Had learn'd my lesson late.

And granted, Hee wanted,
 Both Reason, Wit, and Skill:
 Compleaning, And meaning,
 81 Our absence did him ill.

Confront him further face for face,
 If yet hee rewes his rackless race:
 Perhaps and yee shall hear:

For ay since ADAM and since EVE,
 Who first thy leasings did beileue

I sold my doctrin dear:
 What hath been done even to this day,
 I keep in mynd almaiſt:

Yee promise further than yee pay,
 Sir HOPE for all your hast.

Promitting, Unwitting,
 Your heghts you never hooked,
 I show you, I know you,

82 Your bygones I haue booked.
 I could incase a count were crav'd,
 Shew thousand thousands thou deceav'd,

Where thou wast true to one,
 And by the contrare I may want.
 Which thou must (though it grieue thee)
 I trumped never man. (grant,

But truelie told the naked Trueth,
 To men that meld with mee.

For neither Rigour, nor for Rueth;
 But onlie loath to lie.

To some yet, To come yet,
 Thy succour shall bee slight,

VVhich I then, Must try then,
 83 And Rigister is right.
 Ha, ha, quoth Hope, and lewdlie leugh;
 Yet but a Prentize at the Plough,

Experience yee priene:
 Suppose all by-gones, as yee spake,
 Yee are no Prophet worth a Plack:
 Nor I bound to belieue.
 Yee should not say, Sir, till yee see;
 But when yee see it say.

Yet (quoth Experience) at thee,
 Make manie mints I may:
 By signs, now, And things, now,
 Which ay before mee bears;
 Expressing, By guesing,

84 The perill that appears,
 Then Hope replyde, and that with pith,
 And wyselie weygh'd his words therewith,
 Sententiouslie, and short.

Quoth hee; I am the Anchor grip,
 That saue the Saylers, and the Ship,
 From perill to their Port,
 Quoth hee; Oft-tymes that Anchor dryues,
 As wee haue found before,
 And looserth manie thousands lyues,
 By Shipwrack on the Shoar.

Your grips oft, But slips oft,
 When men haue most to do:
 Syne leaues them, And reaues them;
 85 Of thy Companion too.
 Thou leaues them not thy self alone,
 But to their grief, when thou art gone;
 Garrs Cowrage quyte them als.

Quoth Hope, I would yee vnderstood,

I grip fast, if the ground bee good:

And fleet, where it is fals.

There should no fault with mee bee found;

Nor I accus'd at all.

With such as should haue sound the ground,

Before the Anchor fall:

Their Lead ay, At need ay,

Might warn them if they would,

I they there, Should stay there,

86 Or haue good Anchor-hold.

If yee reade right it was not I,

But onlie IGNORANCE whereby:

Their carrells all were cloven,

I am not for a trumpet tane,

All (quoth EXPERIENCE) is ane,

I haue my purpose proven.

To wit, that wee were call'd each one,

To come before wee came,

That now Objection yee haue none;

Your self must say the same.

Yee are now, Too farre now:

Come forwards, for to flee.

Perceau, then, Yee haue, then;

87 The worst end of the Tree.

VWhen Hope was gauld into the quick,

Quoth Cowrage; Kicking at the prick:

Wee let you well to wit;

Make hee you welcomer than wee:

Then, by-gones, by-gones, fare-well hee;

Except hee seek vs yet.

Hee vnderstands his own Estate,

Let him his Chiftrains choofe:

But yet his Battell will bee blate,
If hee our Force refuse.

Refuse vs, Or choose vs,
Our Counsell is hee climb:
But stay hee, Or stray hee;

88 Wee have no help for him.
Except the Cherrie bee his Chose,
Bee yee his Friends, wee are his Foes,
His doings wee despyte.

If wee perceauue him settled sa,
To satisfie him with the Sla,
His companie wee quyte.

Then Dread and Danger grew so glad,
And wont that they had wun.

They thought all seal'd, that they had sayd,
Sen they had first begun. (then,
They thought then, They mought
Without a partie plead.

But yet there, With Wit there,

89 They were dung down, indeed.
Sirs, Dread and Danger then, quoth Wit,
Yee did your selues to mee submit,
Experience can proue.

That, quoth Experience, I past,
Their own confession made them fast:
They may no more remone.

For, if I right remember mee,
This Maxim then they made:

To wit, The man with Wit should wey,
What Philosophs had sayd:
Which Sentence, Repentance,
Forbade him dear to buy.

They

They know, then, How true, then,
 90 And preasd not to reply.
 Though hee dang Dread and Danger down,
 Yet Courage could not bee over-come.

Hope heght him, such a Hyre :
 Hee thought himself so soon hee saw
 His Enemies, were layd so low;

It was no tyme to tyre,
 Hee hit the yron, whyle it was hait;
 In case it might grow cold.

For hee esteemd his Foes defait,
 When once hee found them fold.

Though wee now, Quoth hee now,
 Haue been so free and frank:

Unsought yet, Yee nought yet,
 91 For kyndness could vs thank.
 Suppose, it so as thou hast sayd;
 That vnrequyrd, wee offred ayd.

At least, It came of Loue.

Experience, yee start too soon;
 Yee dow nothing, whyle all bee done:
 And then, perhaps, yee proue.

More playn, than pleasant, too perchance;
 Some tell that haue you try it:

As fast as yee your self advance;

Yee dow not well deny it.

Abyde, then, Your tyde, then;
 And wayt vpon the wynd.

Yee know, Sir, Yee ow, Sir,

92 To hold you ay behynd.
 When yee haue done some doughtie deeds;
 Syne yee should see, how all succeeds;
 To wryte them, as they were.

Friend; Huilie : Hastenot half so fast;
Left, quoth Experience, at last,

Yee buy my Doctrine dear.

Hope puts that haste into your head;
Which boyls your barmie brane.

How-beit, fools haste comes huilie speed;
Fayr heghts, makes fools bee fayn.

Such smyling , Beguyling,
Bids, Fear not for no Frets.

Yet, I now , Deny now,

93 That all is Gold that glets.

Suppose not silver all that shynes,

Oft-tymes a tentles merchant tynes,

For buying gear beguets:

For all the vantage and the winning,

Good buyers gets at the beginning :

(Quoth COWRAGE) not the less.

Whyles as good Merchant tynes as wins;

If old mens tales bee true :

Suppose the pack come to the pins,

Who can his chance eschew ?

Then good sir, Conclude sir,

Good buyers haue done bayth,

Advance then , Take chance then,

94 As fundrie good ships hath.

Who wist what would bee cheap or dear,

Should need to traffique but a year,

If things to come were kend,

Suppose all bygone things bee playn,

Your Prophecie is but prophane,

Yee are best behold the end :

Yee would accuse mee of a cryme,

Almost before wee meet :

Torment you not before the tyme,
 Since dolour payes no debt:

What bypast, That I past,

Yee wot if it was well,

To come yet, By doom yet,

95 Confess yee haue no feell.

Yet (quoth Experience) what than,

VWho may bee meetest for the man,

Let vs his answer haue:

VWhen they submitted them to mee,

To REASON I was fayn to flee,

His counsell for to craue.

(Quoth hee) since yee your selues submit,

To do as I decreet:

I shall advyse with SKILL and WIT

What they think may bee meet:

They cry'd then, Wee byde then,

At Reason for refuge:

Allow him, And throw him,

96 As governour and judge.

So sayd they all with one consent,

What hee concluds wee are content,

His bidding to obey.

Hee hath authoritie to vse,

Then take his chose whom hee will chuse,

And longer not delay,

Then REASON rose, and was rejoyc'd

(Quoth hee) myne hearts come hither,

I hope this pley may bee compos'd,

That wee may go together.

To all now, I shall now,

His proper place assign:

That

That they heer, Shall say heer,

97 They think none other thing.
Come on (quoth hee) companion SKILL,
Yee vnderstand both good and ill,
In Physick yee are fyne.

Bee mediciner vnto this man,
And shew such cunning as yee can,
To put him out of pyne.
First garde the ground of all his grief
What sickness yee suspect:
Syn e look what hee lacks for relief
Ere further hee infect.

Comfort him, Exhort him,
Giue him your good advyce,
And panss not, Nor Skanss not

98 The perill nor the pryce.
Though it bee cumberfom what reck
Fynd out the cause by the effect,
And working of his veyns:

Yet while yee grip it to the ground
See first what fashion may bee found,
To pacifie his payns:

Do what yee dow to haue him hayll,
And for that purpose preass,
Cut off the cause, th'effect must fayll,
So all his sorrow ceass,

His fever, Shall never,
From thencefoorth haue no force
Then vrge him, To purge him,
99 Hee will not wax the wors.

(Quoth SKILL) his senses are so sick,
I know no liquor worth a leek
To quench his deadlie drouth:

Except the Cherrie help his heat,
Whose sappie slocking sharp and sweet,
Might melt into his mouth.

And his melancholie remoue,

To mitigat his mynd:

None wholesomer for his behoue:

Nor more cooling of kynd.

No NECTAR, Directar,

Could all the gods him giue,

Nor send him, To mend him,

100 None lyke it I beleue.

For drouth decayes as it digests,

Why then (quoth REASON) nothing rests,

But how it may bee had.

Most true (quoth SKILL) that is the scope,

Yet wee must haue some help of HOPE,

(Quoth DANGER) I am rad,

His hastines bred vs mishap.

When hee is highlie horst,

I would wee looked ere wee lap.

(Quoth WIT) that were not worst:

I mean now, Conveen now,

The counsell one and all:

Begin then, Call in then,

101 (Quoth REASON) so I shall.

Then REASON rose with gesture graue,

Belyve conueening all the laue

To see what they would say,

With silver scepter in his hand,

As Chifstan chosen to command,

And they bent to obey.

Hee pused long before hee spake,

And in a studie stood:

Syne hee began and silence brake,
Come on (quoth hee) conclude.

What way now, VVee may now,
Yon Cherrie come to catch :
Speak out sirs, about sirs,

102 Haue done let vs dispatch. (Skarres)
(Quoth CowRAGE) Scourge him first that
Much musing memorie but marres :

I tell you myne intent.

Quoth Wit ; Who will not partlie pance,
In Perils perisheth, perchance :

Ov'r rackless may repent.

Then, quoth Experience, and spake;

Sir, I haue seen them baith,

In bairnlines, and ly aback :

Escape, and come to Skaith.

But what now , Of that now ?

Sturt followes all Extreame.

Retayn, then, The mean, then,

103 The surest way it seems.

Where some haue furthred, some haue fayld:

Where part haue perisht, part prevayld :

Alyke all can not luck.

Then either venture with the one:

Or with the other let alone,

The Cherrie for to pluck.

Quoth Hope; For fear folk must not fash.

Quoth Danger; Let not light.

Quoth Wit; Bee neither rude nor rash..

Quoth Reason; Yee haue right.

The rest, then, Thought best, then;

When Reason sayd it so:

That

That roundlie, And soundlie,

104 They should together go.

To get the Cherrie in all halte,

As for my safetie serving maist,

Though DREAD and DANGER feard,

The perill of that irksome way,

Lest that thereby I should decay :

Who then so weak appeard :

Yet HOPE and COURAGE hard besyde,

Who with them wont contend :

Did take in hand vs for to guyde,

Unto our journeyes end.

Impleading, And waiding,

Both two their lyues for myne,

Provyding, The guyding,

105 To them were granted syne.

Then Dread and Danger did appeale;

Alleadging it could not bee well :

Nor yet would they agree.

But sayd; They should sound their Retreat,

Because they thought them no wayes meet,

Conductours vnto mee :

Nor to no man in myne Estate,

With Sicknesse fore opprest.

For they took ay the nearest gate,

Omitting oft the best.

Their nearest, Perquearest,

Is alwayes to them baith.

Where they, Sir, May say, Sir,

106 What reckes them of your Skaith.

But as for vs two, now wee swear

By him, before whom wee appear,

Our full intent is now.

To haue

To haue you whole, and alway was;
 That purpose for to bring to pass:
 So is not theirs, I trow.

Then Hope and Cowrage did attest,
 The gods of both these parts,
 If they wrought not all for the best,
 Of mee, with vpright hearts:

Our Chiftain, Than listain,
 His Scepter did enioyn:

No more there, Uproar there:

107 And so their Stryf was done.

Rebuking Dread and Danger sore,
 Suppose they meant well ever-more,

To mee, as they had sworn:

Because their Neyghbours they abus'd;
 In so farre, as they had accus'd

Them, as yee heard befor.

Did yee not els, quoth hee, consent
 The Cherrie, for to pow?

Quoth Danger; Wee are well content:
 But yet the manner how.

VVee shall now, Even all now;
 Get this Man with vs there.

It rest is, And best is,

108 Your counsell shall declare.

VVell sayd, quoth Hope and Cowrage, now;
 VVee there-to will accord with you;

And shall abyde by them.

Lyke as before wee did submit,
 So wee repeat the samine yet,

Wee mynd not to reclaim.

Whom they shall choose to guyde the way,

VVee shall

VVee shall him follow straight.
 And further this Man, what wee may;
 Because wee haue so heght.

Promitting, But sitting,
 To do the thing wee can:
 To please both, And ease both;
 109 This sillie ficklie Man.
 VVhen Reason heard this, then, quoth hee;
 I see your chieffest Stay to bee,
 That wee haue nam'd no Guyde.
 The Worthie Counsell hath, there-fore,
 Thought good, that Wit shall go before,
 For Perils to provyde.

Quoth Wit; There is but one of three,
 Which I shall to you show:
 VVhere-of the first two can not bee;
 For anie thing I know.

The Way here, So stay here,
 Is that wee can not climb.
 Even ov'r now, Wee four now,
 110 That will bee heard for him.
 The next; If wee go down about,
 VVhyle that this Bend of Craigs run out;
 The Stream is there so stark.
 And also passeth wading deep:
 And broader farre, than wee dow leap,
 It should bee ydle work.

It growes ay broader, than the Sea,
 Sen over the Lin it came.
 The running dead doth signifie,
 The deepness of the same.

I leaue now, To deaue you,

D

How

How that it swiftlie flydes:

As sleeping, and creeping;

111 But Nature so provydes.

Our Way then lyes about the Lin,

VWhere-by a Warrant wee shall win,

It is so strayght and playn,

The water also is so shald,

VVee shall it pass, even as wee wald,

VVith Pleasure, and but Payn.

For as wee see the Mischief grow,

Oft of a feckless thing.

So lykewyse doth this River flow,

Foordh of a prettie Spring:

VVhose thraot, Sir, I wot, Sir,

Yee may stop with your nieue:

As you, Sir, I trow, sir,

112 Experience can priue.

That, quoth Experience, I can,

All that yee sayd, sen yee began,

I knew to bee of Trueth.

Quoth Skill; The famine I approue.

Quoth Reason; Then let vs remoue:

And sleep no more in Sleuth.

VVit and Experience, quoth hee,

Shall come before a pace.

The Man shall come with Skill and mee,

Into the second place.

Attour now, You four now,

Shall come into a Band.

Proceeding, And leading,

Each other by the hand.

As Rea

As Reason ordaynd all obeyd;
None was ov'r rash, nor none affrayd.

Our counsell was so wyse.

As for our journey, Wit did not;
VVee found it true in everie jot;

GOD blefs our Enterpyse;
For even as wee came to the Tree,
VVhich as yee heard mee tell:
Could not bee clumb, there suddenlie,
The Fruit for rypeness fell.

VVhich tasting, And hasting,

I found my self reliev'd:

Of Cafes all, And Sares all,

114 VVhich Mynd and Bodie griev'd.
Prayse bee to GOD, my LORD, therefore;
VVho did myne health to mee restore:

Beeing so long tyme pynd.

Yea, Blessed bee His Holie Name;

VVho did from Death to Lyf recleam,

Mee who was so vnkynd.

All Nations also magnifie,

This Ever-Living LORD,

Let mee with you, And you with mee,

To laud HIM ay accord.

VVhose Loue ay, Wee proue ay,

To vs aboue all things.

And kiss HIM, And blefs HIM;

VVhose Glore Eternall rings.

F 7 N 7 S.

Captain Alexander Montgomery *his Lamentation.*

I Haue sinned, O Father, bee merciful to mee.
I am not worthie to bee call'd thy chyld,
That stubbornlie so long haue gone astray:
Not as thy Sonne; but as the Prodigall wyld,
My fillie Soull, with Sinne, is so defyld,
That Satan thinks to catch it, as a Prey:
LORD, grant mee grace that hee may bee be-
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei. (guyld:

I am abas'd, how dare I bee so bold,
Before Thy Godlie Presence to appear?
Or hazard once the Heavens for to behold,
who am not worthie that the earth shold bear?
Yet damn mee not, whom thou hast bought so
Sed saluum me fac dulcis Fili DEI. (dear;
For out of Luke this Lesson wee do lear;
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

If thou, O Lord, with rigour woulst revenge,
what flesh befor thee faultles shold bee found?
Or who is hee his Conscience can him cleans,
To Sin & Satan frō his birth that is not bound?
yet of mier grace thou took'st away the groūd,
And sent Thy Sonne our Penaltie to pay,
To saue vs from that hideous Hells Hound:
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

I hope for Mercie, although my sins be hudge.
I grant my guilt; and groan to thee for grace;
Thogh I wold flee, where shold I fynd refuge?
To heaven, O Lord, there is thy dwelling place;
The

The earth, thy foot-stool; & to the hells, alace,
Down goes the dead: for all must thee obey.
Therefore, I cry, whyle I haue tyme & space;
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

O gracious GOD, my guiltiness forgiue,
In sinners death since Thou hast no delyte,
But rather wouldst they should convert & liue,
As do witness the Prophets in holie wryte.
I pray the LORD Thy promise to perfyte,
In mee that I may with the Psalmist say,
I will Thy prayse and wondrous works indyte,
Therefore dear Father bee mercifull to mee.

Though I do slyde, let mee not sleep in slueeth:
Mee to reviuue from sinne: let grace begin.
Make, Lord, my tong the trumpet of thy truth;
And lend my verse such wings, as are diuine:
Since thou hast granted mee so good ingine,
To prayse thy Name, with gallant style & gay,
Let mee no more so trim a talent tine;

Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

My sprite to speak, let thy sprite, Lord, inspyre:
Help holie Ghost, & bee myne heavenlie Muse.
Flie down on me, with forked tongues of fyre:
As on th' Apostles, with thy fear mee infuse;
All vyce expell; teach mee sinne to refuse;
And all my filthie affections, I Thee pray,
Thy seruant loue on mee powr night and day:

Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

Stoup stubborn stomak, that hast bien ay so stout
Stoup, filthie flesh, and caron made of clay.

Stoup,

Stoup, hardned heart, before thy Lord, & lout:
 Stoup, stoup in tyme: defer not day by day.
 Thou wots not whē that thou must pass away,
 To the great glorie, where thou must be for ay.
 Confess thy sinnes: and think not shame to say;
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.

O Great *JEHOVAH*, to thee all glorie bee gi-
 Who shoop my soull, to thy similitude: (ven,
 And to thy Son, whō thou sent down frō heavē:
 Whē I was lost, hee boght mee with his blood.
 And to the holie Ghost, my guyder good:
 Who must confirm my fayth in the right way,
In me cor mundum, crea, I conclude;
 O Heavenlie Father, bee mercifull to mee.

THE SOLSEQUIUM. (come,

LYk as the dūmb *Solsequium*, with care over-
 doth sorow whē the Sun goes out of sight:
 Hangs down her head, and drops as dead, and
 will not spread;

but lurks her leaves, through lāgor all the night;
 Till foolish *Phaeton* aryse, with whip in hand;
 To clear the christall Skyes, and light the land.
 Birds in their bour, wayts on that hour,
 And to their king a glad good morrow giues:
 From thence that Flowr, lykes not to lowr;
 But laughs on *Phæbus* op'ning out her leaves.

So stands'twith me; except I be wher I may see
 My Lamp of Light, my Ladie, and my Loue:
 When shee departs, ten thousand darts, in sun-
 drie airts,

Thise

Thirls through my heauie heart, but rest or roue
 My Countenance declares myne inward grief:
 And *Hope* almost despares, to fynd relief.
 I die, I dwyne, play doth mee pyne:
 I loath on everie thing I look, alace;
 Whyle *Tison* myne, vpon mee shyne,
 That I reuiue through fauour of her grace.

Fra she appear into her Sphear begins to clear,
 The dawning of my long desyred day. (pyes,
 Then *Courage* cryes on *Hope* to ryse, fra shee es-
 The noysom night of absence went away:
 No wo can mee awake, nor yet impesh.
 But on my statelie Stalke I flourish fresh:
 I spring, I sprout, my leaues break out,
 My colour changeth in an heartsom hew,
 No more I lout, but stands vp stout,
 As glad of Her, of whom I onlie grew.

O happie day go not away, *Apollo* stay
 Thy Cart from going down into the West,
 Of methou make thy Zodiack, that I may take
 My pleasure to behold whom I loue best:
 Her presence mee restores from lyf to death,
 Her absence also shores to cut my breath:
 I wish in vayn, thee to remayn,
 Since *primum mobile* doth say mee nay,
 At least thy Wane, hast soon agayn,
 Farewell with patience perforce till day.

HIS MORNING MUSE.

LET dread of payn for sin in after tyme,
 Let shame to see thy self ensnared so,

Let

Let grief conceav'd for foull accursed crymes;
Let hate of sin the worker of my wo, (enforce
With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate
To dew thy cheeks with tears of deep remorse.

So hate of sin shall make Gods loue to grow,
So grief shall harbour hope within thine heart,
So dread shall cause the flood of Ioy to flow,
So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart,
So loue, so hope, so Ioy, so solace sweet,
Shal make thy soull in Heavenly blest to fleet.

Wo where none hate doth no such loue allure,
wo wher such grief maks no such hope proceed
wo wher such dread doth not such joy procure
Wo wher such shæe doth not such solace breed:
Wo wher no hate, no grief, no dread, no shæe,
No loue, no hope, nor Ioy, no solace frame.



PSAL. 36. 28.

Declina à malo, & fac bonum.

Leaue Sinne, ere Sinne leaue thee: do good,
And both without delay.
Lest fit hee will to morrow bee,
Who is not fit to day.

Non tardes converti ad DEUM.

F 7 N 7 S,

